

A  
Pastoral ELEGY  
ON THE  
DEATH  
OF  
CALISTA.

*On Miss Dofield the famous actress*  
Humbly Inscrib'd to the Honourable

Col. C~~hu~~RRCHILL.

*She was His Mistress, Guine in Westminster Abbey*

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*but will not the Dean & Chapter do for money*

*She's gone, and I shall see that Face no more,  
But pine in Absence, and till Death adore!  
When with cold Dew my fainting Brow is hung,  
And my Eyes darken, from my fault'ring Tongue  
Her Name will tremble in a feeble Moan,  
And Love, with Fate, divide my dying Groan.*

YOUNG's Revenge.

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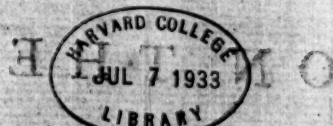
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Pastoral ELEGY



DEATH

O I

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Humbly Inscribed to the Honorable

Col. C. R. CHIL

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[Price 6d]

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*Pastoral* ELEGY  
ON THE  
DEATH of *CALISTA*.

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*ALEXIS* and *ARCAS*.

*ARCAS*.

**S**TAY, friendly Swain, and hear a Lover's Woe;  
Hear my sad Grief, e'er you prepare to go.  
What healing Balms can *Galen's* Sons impart,  
To each a Mournful, Love-sick, Broken Heart?

*ALEXIS*.

Tell me the Cause, and whence these Sighs proceed,  
And trust me, *ARCAS*, I'll assist your Need:  
Strange unto me this pow'rful Grief appears,  
For Fortune ever waited on your Years;  
E'en from thy Cradle, when thy filken Frame  
Scarce cou'd the *Winter's* piercing Colds sustain;  
Thy Infant Smiles delighted all the Grove,  
And e'ery grateful Heart was touch'd with Love:

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When

When careful *Nature*, with her bounteous Grace,  
 Added fresh Beauties to your Manly Face;  
 The Joy wert thou of e'ery *Nymph* and *Swain*,  
 The Pride and Glory of our flow'ry Plain;  
 Joy crown'd your Presence, and your Absence, Pain:  
 Each *Nymph* ador'd; but you *CALISTA* lov'd,  
*CALISTA*'s Eyes soft secret Wishes mov'd  
 In *ARCAS* Soul, and *ARCAS* her subdu'd:  
 Blest in such Concord, easy rould each Life,  
 You were the *Husband*, she the happy *Wife*:  
 Why then doth mournful Sorrow press your Brow,  
 When *Heav'n* benignly seal'd th' exchanging Vow?

### A R C A S.

True, *Heav'n* did bless me to its utmost Power,  
 But, Oh! how soon doth fade the loveliest Flower!  
 Link'd in *CALISTA*'s Arms, I knew no Room  
 For Grief, nor thought of my approaching Doom.  
*CALISTA* was the Harbour of my Ease,  
*CALISTA*'s Tongue allur'd my Soul to Peace!  
 But robb'd of every Sweet: Seducing Night  
 Shatter'd my full-fraught Vessel of Delight;  
 Bulg'd on some Rock, no helping Hand was nigh,  
 I sinking fell beneath a sickly Sky.  
 O Grief to think what Havock cruel Death  
 Has made by seizing her delightful Breath!  
 No rosy Mixture, or as Lilly fair,  
 Dwells on her Cheek; — No, — Tyrant-Death is there:  
 What wond'rous Wealth that *Monarch* has destroy'd,  
 What purest Painting with black Earth alloy'd!

ALEXIS.



## ALEXIS

*CALISTA* dead; --- Sufficient Cause to grieve;  
 Thy Woes to share, O *ARCAS*! give me Leave.  
 Some Comfort take to thy distracted Breast,  
 And sooth thy stormy Cares with healing Rest.  
 The tender Birds have caught the dismal Tale,  
 And all in mournful Notes the Loss bewail;  
 They hang their Wings, and droop their little Heads:  
 The budding Flowers, too, die within their Beds.  
 The Silver Stream forsakes its Current Round,  
 And o'er the Pebbles leaves a dying Sound.  
 Mourn all you Love-sick Turtles, and deplore  
 Th' universal Loss: -- *CALISTA* is no more!

## ARCAS.

Mourn all you lovely *Nymphs* and *Swains*, tho' Blest;  
 And view my Fate; then think how short's your Rest.  
 If partial *Death* thou'd steal your *Loves* away;  
 What a long mournful Night succeeds an happy Day!  
 Let Seas and Rivers all their Floods unbind,  
 And sweep a drowning Deluge o'er Mankind.  
 And let the *Gods* with Lightning scorch the *Plains*,  
 To blast the sickly Hopes of labouring *Swains*.  
 All bless the Ruin, and embrace their Fate,  
 For *Sorrow* comes too soon, *Joy* comes too late.

## ALEXIS.

Nor stop your Wish, but farther let it spread;  
 For sure all *Nature* with *CALISTA*'s death:

See, *Heav'n* in Pity mourns with equal Pains,  
 And drowns our *Meads* with open *Skies* and *Rains*;  
 Last Night, when *Morpheus* had my Senses charm'd,  
 A frightful Vision all my Soul alarm'd:  
 Under the Covert of yon' Beechy Grove,  
 The only, sweet Retirement for Love!  
 I saw thee, *ARCAS*, fondling of an *Ewe*;  
 Unseen by thee, I did at Distance view  
 A prowling *Wolf* with meagre Looks and Jaws,  
 Tearing a tender *Lamb* with forked Paws:  
 His Maw half fed with such delicious Blood,  
 He posted eagerly to kinder Food;  
 Siezing your *Ewe*, he tore her milky Womb,  
 And made his hungry Paunch her marble Tomb:  
 O dreadful *Omen*! that portended true;  
*CALISTA*'s Fall, and then, the Fall of you!

### *ARCAS*

My Fall, *ALEXIS*, must on hers attend;  
 The sweetest Comforter, and choicest Friend!  
 Let first these Tears their boundless Duty pay,  
 And may kind Angels guard her on her Way  
 To those Abodes where soft Content resides,  
 And e'ery Vessel moves with springing Tides:  
 Serenely Calm, and from loud Torrents free;  
 May she prepare a *Path* of *Bliss* for me.  
 No *Second TOWNLEY* can we hope to see  
 In *Grace* and *Action* ever equal thee:  
 How poor will then *PHILAUTUS* Language seem,  
 When robb'd and plunder'd of his only *Theme*!

Or,



Or, how will STREPHON'S Words delight the Ear,  
 Where thou CALISTA never can appear?  
 Mourn all you Fair, and to soft Groves retire,  
 In solitary Joys divert your lambent Fire.

### ALEXIS.

Her Speech hath oft inflam'd coy Prudes to Love,  
 And made the wild Coquet desist to rove;  
 Forfake her Pleasures for the leafy Grove.  
 When active Passion warm'd her tender Heart,  
 Kind Virgins redden'd, and base Men wou'd smart:  
 Each felt a Motive none wou'd dare to name,  
 The Tyrant's Falshood, and the Maiden's Shame!

### ARCA S.

Untaught by her; Now each their Crimes pursue;  
 None will reflect; None have her in their View:  
 Resistless Passions will their Tempers warm,  
 And all will break, or else unbind the Charm.  
 Void of vain Hope, but, certain of Despair,  
 And robb'd of all my only Heav'n of Care.  
 Lead me, ALEXIS, to her clayey Mould,  
 And once more let my Arms her Coarse infold;  
 And weep a Show'r, dissolving Life away,  
 And so by slow Degrees sink to Decay:  
 While you, to prove a just and tender Friend,  
 Search e'ery Plain, and either bring, or send  
 Those scented Beauties of our Earthly Fields,  
 Where Nature her exub'rant Bounty yields,

To

To deck my *Lovely* upon her Bridal Way, nor how will  
 In all the purple Pomp, and rich Array, where thou  
 Which neighbouring *Meads*, and verdant *Banks* afford, a mourn  
 To bless the Wishes of their bounteous Lord. In solitary  
 When this is done, for I cannot survive  
 The mighty Loss; — While you *ALEXIS* live!

O lay my fainting *Frame* close by her Side, — Her Speech hath  
 In *Death*, as *Life*, the *BRIDEGROOM* and the *BRIDE* And morn

Forlake her Pleasures for the leafy Grove.  
 When active Passion warm'd her tender Heart;  
 Kind *Nymph* reddend, and pale *Man* would faint;  
 Each felt a *Mist* none would dare to name,  
 The *Tyrant's* *Lightness*, and the *Maiden's* *Shame*!

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 ALEXIS



Untaught by her; Now *Earth* *Grim* pursues;  
 None will reflect; None *live* in their View;  
*Reckless* *Passions* will *break*, *And* all will break,  
 Void of vain *Hope*, *And* robb'd of all my *joy*,  
 Lead me, *ALEXIS*, to *any* *Mould*,  
 And once more let my *Arms* her *Cause* unfold;  
 And weep a *Show*, dissolving *Life* away,  
 And to by *slow* *Degrees* sink to *Decay*:  
 While you, to prove a *joy* and tender *Friend*,  
 Search every *Plain*, and *either* *Ning* or *Find*  
 Those *scented* *Beauties* of our *Earthly* *Fields*,  
 Where *Nature* her *exquisite* *Bounty* yields

To